¶ Spare your good

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Euen aboute the moneth of maye
I wene it was the thirde daye
Of that same moneth as I gesse
And so it was so haue I blesse
For I knowe it well by a thinge
Of the whiche I haue had knowledgynge
As here after ye shall heare full well
Of a knightes sone how it befell
A riche knight there was in Fraũce I vnderstande
And was a man of greate lande
and hyght syr Thomas perloze
a sone he had with his wyfe and no moze
And she was called faire Ysaungrayne
and their sone called Rafelyne
and of this childe ye shall heare
and of his father and his mother dere
Of his father he was lefe and dere
So was he of his mother I you ensere
So it happened vpon a daye
That this yonge man shoulde spozte and playe
His father bade hym go amonge wyse men
That he might learne some good of them
But this yunge man him bethought
That after his fathers counsell he wold do nought
But to yll company he him dzewe
and learned all vyce and lefte vertue
Tyll father and mother were deade
Than coulde he none other rede
But burye them after the comune vse
Other sozowe woulde he none vse

But forth he wente to his company anone
and saide sirs let vs be mery euerychone
Syr they saide welcome be ye truely
and we all praye you hartely
To syt by vs and kepe company
So he did and thanked them hertely
They called anone for meate & drincke of the beste
For to eate and drincke as them lest
and whan they had eaten and dronken theyr fyll
Syr they saide knowe ye nothinge of oure wyll
No by my faith he saide incontinente
But by saint Thomas of kente
I woulde haue at the basarde a cast or two
For to learne to caste the dyce to and fro
and if here be any body that wyll for money playe
I haue yet in my purse money and pledges gaye
Some be nobles, some be crownes of fraunce
Haue at all who wyll of this daunce
One of them answered with that worde
and caste a bale of dyce on the borde
and saide maister Rakeleyne wyll ye haue a fytte
Haue at all yf ye wyll fytte
Maister Rakeleyne drewe to his pouche
Tyll he had loste coyne and owche
Than he drewe out pledges fresshe and gaye
Tyll all was gone and played awaye
home he goeth lyke as he were out of his minde
and solde al his goodes before and behynde
and to harlotes he goeth and to baudes bolde
For he thought his money shoulde euer holde

To the tauerne and to the bozdell he hindzest
Foz al that his felowshyp did coũsel him foz the best
But at the laste whan all was gone
Than he began to make his mone
Like as here after ye shal vnderstande
Therfoze spare your good that ye haue in hande.

Thus endeth the pzologue

ALas my good is spente I haue no meze
Therfoze I am troubled soze
with great greuaunce in my herte rote
To spende a pounde was but a small note
Lyke as I was vsed to do here and there
Therfoze I must now mirth forbeare
Whyche here befoze I did not vnderstande
Therfoze spare your good that ye haue in hande.

What shall I now begin to do alace
Here befoze I might go in euery place
Wyth the best where so euer they wente
vnto the wine, to the good ale, oz to ỹ bere al vnshet
But foz bycause gyue no moze I maye
Muste I be caste out of al game and play
In my greuaunce is no remedy I vnderstand
Therfoze spare your good that ye haue in hande

What auayleth it me to crye oz to complayne then
Whan my frendes and also my kynnesmen
Waie neither se me noz heare me
Therfoze thincke I of thē but lytell cõfozted to be
Thus haue I spente al my good out right

wyth playenge; wyth drinkynge day and night
which euery wise man wil not do I vnderstande
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hand.

Neuer I coulde perceyue this great charge
But my luste hath brought me in this rage
The whiche I begin now to vnderstand
That money is lorde of all the lande
For bycause I haue not hadde this in remembraunce
Therfore pouertie and miserye is fall to my chaunce
And am taken of no value I vnderstande
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande

I see that they with fingers point after me
The whyche here before were vsed to prayse me
And they let me passe by the dore
The whiche I haue kepte good felowshippe to fore
They mocke with me whiche I was wonte to trust
May not I haue great repentaunce of this luste
Ye and must suffre this I vnderstande
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande

Whan I was yonge and had good at wyll
And euery body eate and drancke with me their fyll
Than they did cal me in euery place
Now they thincke I am not worth a lace
Pouertye hath taken me with greate sorow
I haue nothinge nor can nothinge borow
Thus haue I but yll fortune I vnderstande
therefore spare your good that ye haue in hand

I haue thought in my minde
Coulde I any good get or find
I woulde not caste it awaye euery dele
Lyke as my felowshippe did my counsel
Whan I was vsed to beare money be my syde
I thought not that it shoulde thus from me slyde
Thus was I not wyse I vnderstande
Therefore spare your good that you haue in hande

Sight I yet that daye liue
That my frendes woulde me giue
Some thinge where with all
I might get richesse and honeste principall
I woulde thanke them nowe and than amonge
But certes my thinketh they tary to longe
Therfore I must suffer be it swete or soure I vnder
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hād (stād

Whan any body hath any richesse
Euery body him worshippeth both more and lesse
But and he haue nothinge in value
He is nothinge sette by perdue
And if he come hyther or els where
Euerie bodye fleeth from him as he the deuyll were
Ful often chaungeth his courage I vnderstande
Therfore spare youre good that ye haue in hande.

He that hath nothinge is taken of no value
And wyll not do after good counsell perdue
Lyke as of me ye maye example take
Howe of ryot and other games was vsed to make

Who so euer in the worlde yf fortune bethought he
I couldc it lightly helpe for to be wrought
Whiche is now bitter it was than swete at that t
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande

Wherfore sholde not I take now sorowe againe
Ye certes there is none that wyl me any thing le
Euen thus the whele of fortune renneth
And if good lucke dyd raine I sholude not be wet
If it be good lucke or yll happe
It commeth to him that shall haue it at a clappe
Euery body maie se by me in this stande
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande

A man maye well a good felow be
In the wine, in good ale, in bere where so it be
And yf he thinke for the comune profyte also
Here or there where so euer he go
Thus may a man haunte mirth and game
If he do it not by measure he is to blame
For in euery thinge measure is good I vnderstan
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hand

Fare well I sette you al this testamente
Who wyll learne this shall be vnshente
And can kepe him amonge good company
Shall be fre of al sorowe and myserye
Who so euer taketh this testamente in remembrace
Pouertye and myserye shall not fall to his chaunce
Hys good his worshippe shall be kepe I vnderstād
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hande

FINIS

Here endeth a lytell treatyse very
profitable for euery yonge man
and yonge woman cal-
led Syrs spare
your good.

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